You make a legge, and Bullingbrooke sayes I.
North. My Lord, in the base court he doth attend,
To speake with you: may it please you to come downe.
King. Downe, downe I come, like glistering *Phaeton*,
Wanting the manage of vnruly Iades.
In the base court, base court where Kings grow base,
To come at traytors calles, and do them grace.
In the base court come downe: downe court, downe King,
For night-owles shreeke where mounting larks should sing.
Bull. What sayes his Maiestie?
North. Sorrow and griefe of heart,
Makes him speake fondly like a franticke man:
Yet he is come.
Bull. Stand all apart,
And shew faire duety to his Maiestie: *He kneeles downe.*
My gracious Lord.
King. Faire Coosin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Mee rather had my heart might feele your loue,
Then my vnpleased eye see your curtesie:
Vp Coosin vp, your heart is vp I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.
Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.
King. Your owne is yours, and I am yours and all.
Bull. So farre be mine, my most redoubted Lord,
As my true seruice shall deserue your loue.
King. Well you deserue: they well deserue to haue,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get:
Vnckle, giue me your hands; nay dry your eyes,
Teares shew their loue, but want their remedies.
Coosin, I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be Heyre;
What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing too:
For doe we must, what force will haue vs doe:
Set on towards London, Coosin is it so?
Bull. Yea my good Lord.
King. Then I must not say no. *Exeunt. Enter*

Enter the Queene with her attendants.

Que. What sport shall we deuise here in this garden,
To driue away the heauie thought of care?
Lady. Madam weele play at bowles.
Quee. T'will make me thinke the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.
Lady. Madam weele daunce.
Quee. My legs can keepe no measure in delight,
When my poore heart no measure keepes in griefe:
Therefore no dauncing girle, some other sport,
Lady. Madam weele tell tales,
Quee. Of sorrow or of griefe?
Lady. Of either Madame.
Quee. Of neither girle,
For if of ioy, being altogither wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow:
Or if of griefe, being altogither had,
It addes more sorrow to my want of ioy:
For what I haue I need not to repeate,
And what I want it bootes not to complaine.
Lady. Madam ile sing.
Quee. Tis well that thou hast cause,
But thou shoudst please me better wouldst thou weepe.
Lady. I could weepe Madame, would it do you good.
Quee. And I could sing would weeping do me good,
And neuer borrow any teare of thee.
But stay, here commeth the Gardiners,
Lets step into the shadow of these trees,
My wretchednesse vnto a row of pines.
They will talke of state, for euerie one doth so,
Against a change woe is fore-runne with woe.

Enter Gardiners.

Gard. Goe bind thou vp yon dangling Apricockes,
Which like vnruly children make their sire
Stoope with oppression of their prodigall weight:
Giue some supportance to the bending twigs,
Goe thou, and like an executioner